

Down by the river

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Down by the river

by [TheStray20](#)

Summary

Our favorite Alpha's attempt to negotiate Will and his mind. Hannibal makes mistakes. Duncan is tired and needs a holiday. ANGST.

TITLE Down by the river - Avocuddle, Strange Fruits Music, Fets

Notes

Hi welcome back! Thank you so much to anyone sticking with this timeline, comments and kudos feed my soul and are greatly appreciated <3 These three are my absolute favorites to write (so far), I hope you enjoy!

This section is heavy Kaisergram, skip if not for you :)

Chapter 1

"Oh my *God!*" Will cries out, clutching at Hannibal's neck and shoulder, the Alpha's teeth biting into his skin and drawing blood while he came across their stomachs. He was driven into with ragged thrusts, Hannibal's hips stuttering as his knot grew and caught, spilling his seed deep into the Omega with his teeth still at his neck.

Finally feeling his heat subside while they caught their breath, Will pressed placating kisses along his mate's neck, encouraging him to release the iron grip he had on his own neck.

Hannibal relaxes his jaw and swallows, licking over the new wound.

"I apologize, I may have gotten a little lost there, it's been a while-"

"It's ok." Will eases his hands along the well muscled shoulders above him, humming tiredly as his mate rests his full weight over his body. "Heat's passed I think, thank you for helping out, I know we're not quite where you wanted us to be yet."

"You're still my mate too Will." Hannibal murmurs against his neck, enjoying the closeness and *need* with his Omega just a while longer.

Will's heat had hit a few weeks after the Alpha's altercation, the cautious edge to their dynamic being thrown out the window when the Omega begged for both Alpha's to take care of him in his heat driven haze.

Up to then they had been on eggshells, tiptoeing about each other in the house and on cases. Duncan had been open to rejoining the younger Alpha in the main bedroom the following day. Pending a proper talk about things, and what his expectations of Hannibal would be moving forward.

Will had been less inclined to have the conversation at all that week, happier fixating on Duncan and their deepening bond. They were almost inseparable, the Omega spending most nights curled up against the older Alpha's side as they both worked, or as Duncan read. Nights were spent primarily in Duncan's room. Unless Will was having a harder time than normal with his head, then they went to the safety and comfort of his nest for however long was necessary to pull him back to himself.

Hannibal hadn't been reluctant in agreeing. Having been called to the room by his brother after the initial twelve hours of Will's heat they quickly agreed to a truce, in which they would take turns and stay out of each other's way. His primal instinct to satisfy, claim and care for his Omega would always win out, regardless of where they stood. He was more curious as to how they would all resettle in the aftermath of the needy Omega's cycle.

"I believe Duncan has dinner started." Hannibal clears his throat when all his mate offers in return is a sleepy mumble. He lifts his head and sees Will's eyelids are fighting a losing battle.

While he and Duncan had been able to rest after each shift, taking turns with the near insatiable Omega every ten to twelve hours, Will's body gave him little to no time to rest. He would pass out for an hour or two before his hormones would rouse him with the relentless need to be bred.

Hannibal feels his knot go down, the bodily fluids it had been keeping in Will's body streaming down to add to the already soaked sheet. He kisses the Omegas temple before reluctantly pulling away from him. Rising to stretch, he sighs before moving to gather a damp cloth and towels to clean them both up.

"Hannibal?" Duncan knocks at the door quietly. He enters at the calm bidding from his brother. He looks their Omega over, seeing his breathing is shallow and taking in the fresh bite he asks, "Is he ok?"

"He's exhausted."

The brothers work together to clean Will of the sweat, cum and slick drying on his skin, each focusing more on the Omega than the other.

"I need to clean these sheets again, do you mind taking him to bed?" Duncan brushes a few unruly curls from their mates forehead. He smiles as Will begins to purr in his sleep, being soothed by his mates nearby scent.

"Yours or mine?" Hannibal challenges his brother quietly.

Duncan glares. A silent warning not to begin testing the waters so soon.

Relenting in consideration for the Omega, the younger Alpha carries him to Duncan's room.

Waking briefly as he was tucked in, Will takes in both Alpha's scents and looks around the room in confusion. This wasn't his nest, and Duncan's room hadn't smelled of Hannibal in over a week.

"Duncan?"

"Just me Will. He'll be along shortly, go back to sleep." Hannibal kisses his cheek gently, seeing Will drifting again quickly. He adds with barely there spite. "I'll look forward to next cycle then."

"That was unnecessary." Duncan growls under his breath from the doorway.

"Am I wrong?"

"That's up to you and Will. He's not avoiding you for no good reason."

"I'm aware. Perhaps if you went to visit-"

"I'm not going anywhere." Duncan growls savagely, eyeing the younger carefully as Hannibal rises from their mates side to mirror his movement around the bed. Sitting next to Will he doesn't stop watching his brother. "Dinner's ready in an hour. We'll see you tomorrow."

"Very well."

Duncan exhales quietly, letting his brother leave the room without another word. He waits a few minutes before rising again to lock the door, readying himself for bed and crawling in next to his beautiful, satisfied Omega.

"Dunc?" Will stirs again, curling against his mate and purring happily when Duncan rumbles in his chest. It's a broken sound, not quite a purr, and holding much more affection than a growl. He allows it to ease him back into sleep, knowing the tired smelling Alpha would be joining him in rest soon.

A week later saw them back into the routine Hannibal had been anticipating. Will being stuck to Duncan's side, barely returning any banter or small talk he offered during their rare time alone together if Duncan was away for a meal. He finally asked if there was something he could do, offer or say to repair the damage that had made them drift so far from the somewhat peaceful relationship they had previously.

Will rubs at his eyes, the tension in the house beginning to get to him as well.

"I'm sorry I haven't been making an effort, I can see you trying." He takes the offered hand Hannibal extends. Moving into his arms and meeting his lips Will sighs, allowing the apprehension to leave his body as the Alpha holds him tightly.

Strong hands caress him. Their mouths becoming hungry as they open and tongues battle for dominance.

Finally pulling a few delicate moans from his Omega, Hannibal releases him, feathering his jaw and cheek with affectionate kisses and nips.

"I missed you." Hannibal admits, returning to his cooking without relinquishing his grip on Will's side. "It's been both silent and deafening without you discussing things with me."

"I'm sorry. I think I needed the silence for a while, this will take some more time." Will responds calmly, knowing his Alpha's head would have been running rampant in its own yard without their normal outward discussions keeping it on a tight leash. For all his control, and all his armor, Will knew his Alpha's inner world had its dark places too. He divulges, "I missed you too."

"About time." Duncan rolls his eyes as he joins them, having woken from his nap on the couch. He kisses them each on the cheek and gets them all a drink, sighing with the relief from the weight they had all been carrying around.

-

Another week passes and sees things continue becoming more comfortable. They go back to sharing the master bedroom, Will sleeping between the two Alpha's, and the Alpha's returning to their open discussions. Hannibal offering professional opinion when asked, as

well as Duncan offering advice when Will wouldn't respond to the younger Alpha the way he wanted.

A case came up, Jack Crawford demanding Will and Hannibal to profile and consult. Given Hannibal was still working his own clinic he relied on the Omega's interpretation of the scene, often leading them late into the night. Duncan always stays by Will's side while he talks things through with his brother. He sees the toll it takes on him quickly, and the reluctance in using his empathy for this killer.

He stays. Unwilling to let the Omega's mind take over again. Unwilling to risk it.

"You need to get up baby." Duncan grumbles, snoozing his alarm for the second time after such a late night halfway through the week.

"Mnn, I don't wanna." Will whines back. Nuzzles into his chest. Purrs in an attempt to placate the sleepy Alpha.

"Hannibal said he needed you to see Jack about the case, you need to go."

Will gives a subdued groan, already falling back asleep as he strokes the Alpha's arm around his stomach.

Drifting off himself, Duncan rests his hands back around the smaller male. Five more minutes wouldn't hurt them.

-

Waking to his phone ringing, Duncan realizes he slept far longer than intended. Shifting the Omega off his chest he launches himself from the bed to get dressed.

"Fuck, Will I had three more alarms set."

"I know." Will grumbles, pulling the blanket over his shoulders.

"You little shit, you turned them off didn't you?" Duncan growls at him, struggling to pull on his shirt in his hurry.

"You sleep late all the time I don't see the big deal. . ."

"I have a meeting to get to, and you're late to see Jack."

"I don't care."

"Get up Will, we'll talk about this later."

"If you say so." Will vaguely hears the front door slam before drifting again.

-

Will spends the day in bed, alternating between dozing and reading one of the pet blogs he loves. Since he hadn't been able to convince Hannibal to get a dog just yet he lived vicariously through some of the entertaining, heart warming updates online. It distracts him from the pull of the profile. From the part of himself that wanted to succumb to the comfortable darkness of depression that had been hovering around the edges of his mind since his heat had passed.

He stretches and pads down the stairs when he hears one of his Alpha's return home.

Duncan, from the heavy sigh. And the coat being tossed to the corner.

Hannibal always hung his coat quietly.

"How was it?"

"Fine. We need to talk."

Will meets his tired, whiskey brown eyes inquiringly, trying to get a read on how annoyed with him his usually unfaltering mate was. Twitching a defiant frown the Omega moves to stand in front of him, stroking his hands up his chest. "Make me."

Feeling the breath exhale in aggravation beneath his fingers Will quirks an eyebrow.

Challenging, testing the Alphas patience.

He was forever patient with him, even at his most impertinent.

"Get on the couch."

Duncan hadn't touched him yet, seeming to be hanging on to his patience by a steady strand.

He figured he was a ways off snapping, hoping to get a bit of a rise out of him he defied once again.

"No."

Will had misjudged.

The Alpha flashed into action faster than Will's eyes could follow.

"The fucking attitude on you today." Duncan growls. He yanks on the Omega's hair harshly, rips his head back and exposes his throat.

"What about it?" Will returns, not dropping eye contact and clawing at his wrist.

"You want me to slap the silly out of you?" The Alpha snarls. He invades his space aggressively and grips his throat with his free hand.

"Don't threaten me with a good time." Will pushes back at him recklessly.

Duncan frowns. This wasn't like his Omega, picking fights and being belligerent when he'd only asked for a conversation. He loosens his fingers, still hanging on to his head, caressing instead of grasping with his hands.

"Drop the tough front baby, what's going on?"

"Fuck off Duncan."

"What's going on?"

"Fuck off!" Will snarls, clawing at him desperately, losing his composure and feeling the tears start. "*Fuck!*"

Duncan released him, stepping back and letting him find where he needed to be.

Wavering at the sudden freedom, Will steps back to sit on the couch arm. He rubs at his eyes and crosses his arms around himself.

"What's going on in that head of yours?"

"I can't - " Will sniffs, crying quietly and gripping at his own jumper. "I can't get it to be quiet."

"What's it throwing at you?" The Alpha keeps his distance, holding space and controlling the urge to comfort him physically.

"The part of me that wants to give up is screaming, it's so loud all the time and I can't shut it up." Will sobs, moving to sit on the couch and curling up, arms wrapped around his legs. "I know it'll pass and it's just a bad couple of days, but right now it feels like I shouldn't be here."

"You know that's not who you are baby." Duncan moves to the liquor cabinet, pouring them both some whiskey and sitting at the other end of the couch. "It's good you're talking about it though."

"Sorry I was an ass."

"It's not you, I was worried I'd done something." Duncan chuckles. He sips at his drink, holding the other glass out for the Omega unassumingly.

"Other than not smacking the silly out of me you didn't do anything wrong." Will huffs a laugh, taking the glass and moving under the Alpha's arm. He sips at the alcohol and wipes his eyes, leaning against Duncan, feeling his mind finally begin to quiet.

"I can't dominate you when your head's like this baby." Duncan rubs his elbow, kissing his head gently and nosing at the hair covering his temple. "It's not healthy."

"It helps keep it quiet."

"It'd get destructive. I don't want something we both enjoy to turn into something you rely on when you're feeling like shit."

Will reluctantly agrees and allows the Alpha to comfort him gently. Soothing his mind with light caresses and warming embraces.

-

Will was up feeling up for his lectures the following day, regretting the decision around lunchtime when he was hit with a particularly chatty and relentless class.

He heaved a sigh and dialed Hannibal's phone, hoping to catch both of his Alpha's for a quick vent.

"Hello Will."

"Hi." Will breathes a little easier, pacing back and forth across the hall to keep his agitation under control.

"Is everything ok?"

"Just a hard class. The students wouldn't give me a break on questions after the case study."

"Uncle Jack still picking the best and brightest I see." Hannibal teases, listening to the listless hum from his mate. "Is the profile still bothering you?"

"Yeah I guess." Will admits quietly. He goes silent, contemplating hanging up. Hannibal saying his name again draws him from his thoughts.

"It doesn't matter, is Dunc there I wanna say hi." Will sighs.

"Hang on he's right here." Hannibal grabs his brother's elbow as he passes, holding the phone to his chest to block the receiver. "He sounds like he did when I called you to come here, please?"

Duncan nods and takes the phone, rubbing the younger Alpha's shoulder comfortingly.

"Will?"

"Hi."

"Hey, are you alright? Hannibal said you needed to talk."

"Just wanted to hear your voice." Will mumbles, closing his eyes and wrapping an arm around himself.

"Bullshit, what's wrong?"

"Head's getting a little messy, feeling like I shouldn't bother."

"With what baby?"

"Anything, everything. Just-" Will clears his throat, fighting to control his emotional response to his head turning on him.

"It's ok, take your time." Duncan says, fiddling with the knife Hannibal had left on the bench. He feels useless on the other end of the phone. He's a man of action. He gets things done. Sure, he'd talked Will through some of his depressive states before, but he'd been wrapped in his arms and able to soothe him with touch not just words. Words were his brother's thing.

"I just don't get why everything has to be such a fucking struggle." Will sniffs, letting a few tears fall and leaning against the wall. "I've had enough shit happen to me to last a lifetime already and I'm only 35. . ."

"I hear you."

"I'm so fucking exhausted Dunc I don't want to be here-"

"I'll come pick you up, are you at the office?"

"Not what I meant."

"I know, I'd still like to come and get you."

"Don't worry about it I'll be home later."

"Will I -"

Will hangs up. He rests his head against the wall and closes his eyes. He shouldn't have called them, he knew how much Duncan worried about him. That man would run into a burning building to get to him.

He jumps when his phone vibrates in his hand, sniffing and answering quickly when he saw Hannibal's caller ID come up. "Han-"

"Hang up on me again and we'll both be withholding sex for a week." Duncan's voice comes across the phone, his frustration evident.

Will gives him a tearful laugh, sniffing and wiping at his eyes before responding, "We both know a week would be worse punishment for you and Hannibal."

"I'd appreciate you drawing less attention to my bluff." Duncan answers quickly, humming a chuckle along with the Omega. "Can I come see you?"

"No I'll be ok, I'm sorry I hung up." Will takes a few breaths, regaining control of himself.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, thank you. I'll be home in a few hours."

"Ok." Duncan respects his mate's boundary and doesn't push the issue. "Call if you need to talk again, please?"

"Ok. Thanks handsome, bye."

"Bye." Duncan holds on to the phone until the Omega hangs up, handing it back to his brother reluctantly. He's beginning to think about getting himself a phone for just Will and Hannibal to be able to contact him on when his brother prompts him for an update.

"Is he alright?"

"Bad week, his head isn't behaving itself."

"He's been looking tired the last couple of days. When do you suppose his last full night of rest was?"

"Without one of us needing him, or him needing us?" Duncan sighs, shaking his head. "I don't know."

"We agree then he needs to catch up on his sleep for the remainder of this case, then see where his mind is at afterwards?"

"Mhm." Duncan rubs at his eyes. Will wasn't going to take this well, even if it was for his own good. He verbalized the thought and was met with a tired sound of agreement. "So what do we do?"

"Let's just get him stable again and go from there."

Chapter 2

"Hey baby, take a seat?"

"Uh, ok?" Will puts his bag and coat by the door and sits by his side, playing with the Alpha's sleeve and frowning when he stills his hands, covering them with his long fingers.

"You've been burning the candle at both ends, and it's starting to show."

"I've been working more I guess, I can try to tell Jack to put me lower on his profiling list if-"

"Not just work baby." Duncan tells him quietly, meeting his skittish look evenly.

"Trying to keep us both satisfied and your drinking sweetheart, it's taking its toll."

"I feel fine, really I'm ok." Will tries to reassure the older Alpha, glancing at Hannibal for some indication of where this was going. "What's-"

"You need to start a sleep and rest routine, especially while you're working."

"You're giving me a bed time?" Will scoffs, sitting back against the couch and crossing his arms belligerently.

"For starters." Hannibal sips at his wine, eyeing the Omega's look of disdain carefully.

"I'm usually in bed by ten, I'm supposed to turn both of you down when you start something in bed?" Will relaxes his body and traces his fingers up and down Duncan's forearm. The older Alpha would never deny him, he thinks. Surely this has to be one of Hannibal's games.

"Yes."

"If it's not one of you it's me who needs something physical, how do you figure we're all keeping happy this way?"

"Once you're not exhausted and caught up on sleep we can figure something out." Duncan hums, allowing the Omega to twine their fingers together. He strokes the fine wrist with his thumb, hoping he wouldn't spiral further at being denied. "We just want you to be happy baby."

"I am happy, today was just a bad day I'll be fine." Will nuzzles into his neck, inhaling. The older Alpha smells nervous, anticipating a poor response. He frowns. His Alpha hasn't been nervous since they were tiptoeing around Hannibal.

"You would have coped better with a better seep routine." Hannibal reinforces firmly.

"You've been trying to keep us both sated and happy without considering the stress its taking on yourself."

"So when you rub up against me, ready to fool around and fuck, you want me to say no?" Will checks, huffing when he received affirmative responses. "Unbelievable."

"What's wrong?"

"You're telling me I have to deny both of my Alpha's as well as my own needs?" Will rubs at his neck and stands.

"Just until you catch up on some sleep, we'll be reining it in too-"

"Your version of reining it in is slow sex sweetheart, but still sex. I haven't yet known you to take no for an answer." Will snarls at the older Alpha, pushing down the guilt at the forlorn look Duncan gives him.

"Will, please don't take your frustration out on-"

"And you! When you aren't buried under patients and consults you want to fuck, to fool around, anything, but I'm supposed to say no?" The Omega rounds on Hannibal, meeting his eyes furiously. This was definitely his doing. He'd gotten into Duncan's head and made him question himself. *JUST* when they were all getting back on track! The *audacity* of this goddamn-

"Will we're not putting it completely on you, we'll be keeping ourselves in check as much as you." Duncan reiterates. He rubs his hip briefly, letting him stalk by.

"I just-" Will escalates and winces quickly, tensing his entire body up in frustration. Remembering to exhale and inhale a few times before he eventually tells them, "I'll be in my nest."

"Well that was shit."

"Understatement." Hannibal sips at his wine, sighs and rubs at his eyes.

"Maybe we should just let him be? Rules seem a bit extreme he's an adult-"

"No he thrives on boundaries, he's fine he just needs to process." Hannibal reassures his brother, rising to pour him a glass. Clearing his throat he suggests, "Perhaps while Will is choosing to isolate himself we should take care of one another?"

"Not tonight." Duncan gives him a small nod in acknowledgement, taking the glass and sipping slowly, thinking over how he really felt about what was going on.

Will makes his way downstairs carrying his laptop later that evening, knowing he would get more work done with Duncan reading nearby than sulking by himself in his nest.

"Hi baby, you ok?" Duncan greets him quietly, putting his book aside when he saw the drawn look on his Omega's face.

"Not really, I'm gonna see if Hannibal's up for a chat about the case." Will mumbles, putting his laptop on the coffee table and kissing his cheek fleetingly.

Duncan grunts and watches him leave the room. Trying to give his brother the benefit of the doubt he picked up his book and refocused on it, forcing himself to take whatever was going on with Will as it came. He wanted to be able to do something and make everything ok for his mate. Having to put his own nature aside wasn't something he was comfortable with.

"Hey, got a sec?" Will knocks on the doorframe, making his way to Hannibal's side when the Alpha hummed in acknowledgement. The Omega leans against his chair and runs a hand through the hair covering the base of his skull.

"What is it?" Hannibal asks abruptly, not shifting his focus from his notes.

"This case is really getting to me, I kinda just need you to help me analyze a few things I'm-"

"You know your imagination gets the better of you Will." Hannibal cuts him off, not wavering from his notes for a second. "You need to dial back what and who you're empathizing with to keep to the facts for the profile."

"Hannibal you just gave me a bedtime and I wanna talk to you about how it's-"

"Shut it down darling." Hannibal huffs a sigh, rubbing his knee briefly before picking up his phone. "Shut it down and stick to the facts. I have a phone appointment I'll be an hour or so, we can discuss it more then."

Will nods and leaves, barely believing his Alpha had just told him to shut down whatever he was feeling until he had time to deal with it. He'd just given him a bedtime because the profiles he was dealing with were affecting his rest patterns along with their home life. And he'd been dismissed completely.

Shuffling past the sitting room he didn't even register Duncan speaking to him, moving to the kitchen for a glass of whiskey.

"Make it a double."

Duncan's voice drew him out of his mind, making him focus on what he was doing. He pulled another glass from the cupboard and poured one for his mate, handing it over absently as he tried to filter Hannibal's rejection alongside his need to discuss the case.

"Please, talk to me." Duncan murmurs tensely, covering his mate's hand when he took another glass as a shot. "I'm not Hannibal but I'm still here."

"I just. . . I don't know what I need right now." Will admits self-consciously, reaching for the bottle again.

"Ok." The Alpha finishes his drink and pushes the glass forward for a refill. "Let's take these to bed?"

"I want to go to my nest. . ."

"May I join you?" Duncan asks, trying to be unimposing. He wanted to lock him away and talk through what was going through his head. To hold him and let him get his head straight again. With Hannibal's new ban on proclivities he had to keep himself in control, even when he wanted to let Will be however he needed to be in or out of bed.

"If you want to?"

Duncan grunts agreeably, kissing his forehead and grabbing the bread and butter from the bench before guiding his Omega upstairs into his nest. He gets Will settled and munching on a slice, only leaving briefly to gather their usual sleeping clothes and a couple of towels in case they needed to use the ensuite connected to Will's nest.

"Did Hannibal have another phone appointment?" Duncan asks gently after they'd eaten, Will snuggling up under his arm edgily.

"Yeah that was the excuse. . ."

"Excuse?"

"I don't know where we're at, he wants me to go to him and talk about where my head's at during cases, but when it's inconvenient for him he couldn't give a shit." Will frowns, fiddling with the older Alpha's shirt in an effort to distract himself.

"I'm here if you need to talk things through." Duncan offers, playing with his curls and watching his Omega battling within himself. "Or if you just want some physical comfort."

"You both took fucking off the table." The scoff was good natured, chuckles coming out when the Alpha gripped the back of his neck and pulled him onto his chest.

"I'm not talking about fucking, I'm talking making out if you're up for it?" Duncan mumbles quietly, kissing along his neck and stroking his side gently.

"I want you." Will fought with himself, caressing the Alpha's neck, unsure of how to proceed. He chuckles, admitting, "I just don't know how to do this without it ending in either of you fucking me silly."

"I think it's something new for all of us." Duncan gives him a small grin, kissing him softly and relaxing against the bed head. "If you want to try something different let me know."

"I want to, I just-"

"Here." Duncan cuts him off, cupping his jaw and guiding him to meet his lips, tenderly exploring them until the Omega relaxed against his chest and smiled. "That's called making out baby."

"Mmm I liked that." Will grins, playing along with the innocent attempt at getting him to relax. He strokes his neck again and sighs, finally feeling the tension leaving his body.

"More?"

Will cards a hand through the older Alpha's hair slowly, muttering an affirmative and allowing his mouth to be claimed sedately.

After a while of cuddling they showered and went to sleep, Will tucked against the Alpha's side securely.

Here his mind couldn't get the better of him.

Here he was safe.

-

The following night saw Will tiptoeing around the younger Alpha, his rejection setting his confidence on its side again.

When they ended up watching a movie on the couch the Omega was torn between begging the older male for attention and placating the younger brother to help sort his head out. He joined them on the couch, trying to convince himself their presence would be enough for him to feel secure and be ready to rest for the night.

Attempting to snuggle up with Duncan he was moved from his lap to his side, the older Alpha stroking his curls worriedly at the hurt look that crossed his face.

It wasn't his intention to hurt his mate.

Again questioning his brothers suggestion on what would help Will improve, Duncan reconsidered their rules.

"So we're sticking with this domestic bullshit are we?" Will sighs, sitting between them and sipping at his whiskey. "Great."

"Just until-"

"I know until I'm rested and feeling better, save it." The Omega cuts Hannibal off, huffing and sitting back against the couch. "Thrilling Saturday night. . ."

"You're being a brat." Duncan tells him half heartedly, taking his glass and sipping at it, seeing the raised eyebrow and indignant glance he was shot. "We're all tired. Tone it down."

"Make me."

Duncan fights back the growl he wants to utter, settling for glaring at the Omega and downing the remainder of the glass.

Will whines, snatching the glass back and getting up for a refill.

"He's not taking this well."

"You said it was for his own good." Duncan reminds his brother, leaning against the couch arm with a sigh.

Will skulks back into the room after a few minutes, retaking his seat and handing Duncan his own tumbler of whiskey.

"Thank you baby." Duncan strokes his knee and kisses his cheek before settling back into the couch. Starting up the movie they all focused on the screen, Will eventually relaxing and leaning against the younger Alpha's shoulder.

Hannibal wraps his arm around the Omegas shoulders, returning his kiss briefly before refocusing on his laptop, going over his notes for the following days patients.

"Fuck this is gonna be a long night." Will sighs, crossing his arms and setting his legs across the coffee table.

"Will please, you're being belligerent."

"Yeah intellect will help this situation." Will rose again, heading upstairs quickly.

"Domestic doesn't seem to be my strong suit."

"I don't think any of us are doing well with it. Neglecting Will isn't sitting right with me-" Duncan admits, shutting off the tv and watching his brother try to focus on his screen.

"Duncan." Hannibal gives him a warning grumble, feeling the strain of his workload and situation with his mates getting the better of his patience.

"Maybe easing back into things sooner?" Duncan suggests, finishing his glass and setting it aside.

"I suppose you're right, do what you want I'm far too tired to care." Hannibal exhales, running a hand through his hair before closing his laptop and heading upstairs.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

--Two chapters for you this week, no way I was going to leave you hanging on that last one! Enjoy--

After doing his usual night check of the doors and windows, Duncan makes his way upstairs. Finding Will and Hannibal in bed at opposite sides of the mattress he carried out his bedtime routine quickly, hoping to at least cuddle up with his Omega before he fell asleep.

Will shuffles over and pulls the sheet aside when he approaches the bed, drawing a grin from the Alpha as he settles on the mattress and gets comfortable. Exhaustion catching up with him quickly, he hums and checks in with his Omega, "You ok sweetheart?"

"Mhm, all for an early night as requested. You?" Will lays on his side, playing with the skin covering his shoulder, tracing his fingers along his collarbone and drifting through the grizzle covering his chest.

"Hannibal vetoed the veto." Duncan murmurs, stroking his wrist and stifling a yawn. "None of us are doing well with it."

"Hate to say I told you so." Will shifts forward to kiss his Alpha with a grin, teasing his lips gently.

"Goodnight baby." Duncan wraps his arm around the Omega, returning the kiss tiredly, rumbling when he was rubbed up against.

Whining quietly, Will strokes a hand into his pants, wrapping his fingers around his cock and stroking, increasing and decreasing pressure as he moved up and down. Exploring the veins that became more prominent with his ministrations, he circles the pad of his thumb around the head, spreading the precum and grinning slyly as his mate groans into the kiss.

It hadn't taken him long to learn what Duncan enjoyed with the older Alpha verbalizing when he was hitting the mark in their early days, but it still gave him a great rush when he could arouse him so quickly.

"You could still use another early night." The older Alpha murmurs roughly, feeling his cock twitching in arousal and pulling him closer against his body. Moaning against his lips he licks into Will's mouth, running his free hand down his side and into his shorts to caress his entrance. Finding Will wet he growls and rolls the giggling Omega on top of him.

"As great as this is I have a meeting in the morning." Hannibal huffs, yanking the sheet back from the other two. "Shut it down or fuck off."

"Sorry Han." Duncan grins, speaking between the Omega's demanding kisses. "I don't think we'll be long-"

"I don't care, just take it somewhere else."

"Han-"

"Out! *NOW!*"

Will jumps at the younger Alpha's yell, scuttling up and heading to the spare room.

"Han-"

"Just go Dunc I need to sleep. It'd be nice to get a solid rest in my own fucking house." Hannibal growls threateningly, trying to get comfortable again.

Duncan huffs in frustration and goes after the Omega. Slamming the door to the spare room behind him he tackles Will onto the bed, chuckling at the yelp he got. Kneeing his legs apart he thrusts against the Omega, moaning against his neck and pulling at his shirt. "I want this off, now."

"Do you think he's really mad?" Will asks quietly, complying and dragging his Alphas pants off when he shifts to remove his shorts. Hannibal never raises his voice much less swears, always getting his point across calmly in the past.

"Fuck him, he's being an ass." Duncan reassures him firmly, pressing his cock between his cheeks, coating it with the Omega's slick and thrusting slowly.

"But he-"

"Do you really want to talk about him right now baby?"

"I don't think he-"

Duncan grasps his cock and positions it at Will's entrance, guiding the head in and letting it sit just past his rim teasingly.

"Mn, Dunc." Will whines, trying to coax the Alpha into moving by tilting his pelvis up and down. Feeling the slick trickle down his arse he begins stroking his own erection, going from aroused to outright ravenous in seconds. Unable to help the exasperated whine he utters when Duncan still doesn't penetrate him fully, he claws at his shoulder, spreading his legs wider before giving up and begging. "Please?"

"Please what?"

"Please, fuck me?" Will mutters and shifts his hips again, vocalizing desperately when he doesn't move.

"I can't hear you."

"Please, Daddy! Fuck me!" He obeys, moaning loudly when Duncan rewards him, moving forward and claiming his mouth dominantly as he thrusts in.

"You want to be my good boy baby?"

"Mn! *Fuck*, yes-"

"You want to be my good boy?"

"Uh-huh, just for you."

"You're gonna be loud for me, when you come." Duncan croons into his ear, setting a harsh pace and thrusting into his Omega quickly, ignoring the nails digging into his shoulders when Will hangs on to him and cries out breathlessly. "I want you to be loud baby, can you do that?"

"Fuck, yes Daddy, whatever you want." Will whines, thrusting up against his Alpha

Duncan gropes at his arse and hitches the Omega's leg over his shoulder, drawing a rough moan from him when he covers his body and fucks into him deeply.

"Ng, *fu*- fuck!"

"Mn, say my name." Duncan huffs, getting close with the new angle and feeling the Omega's internal muscles tightening around him.

"*Dunc*! Ng, Duncan, *please*-" Will moans, eyes rolling back as he felt his Alphas knot begin to catch. He had been due his rut for a few days, likely holding it off to take the pressure off his Omega. Will rolled his eyes for a second. Classic self sacrificing Duncan. Even when his most primal instincts were screaming at him, he would put Will first.

Until now.

"Louder." The Alpha snaps his hips forcefully, hanging on to his knee and hip bruisingly.

Will comes across his stomach, screaming out the Alpha's name and clawing at his back.

"*Fuck* good boy, you feel so good." Duncan thrusts into him a few more times, snarling as his knot expands and ties them together. Wills internal muscles began milking him for all he was worth, drawing long spurts of cum from him as he gives into the body beneath him.

"Fuck, Dunc that was so good." Will pants, moaning into the Alpha's arm as he was arranged into a more comfortable position, nuzzling into his chest when they were side by side.

"Yeah baby, you're my good boy." Duncan chuckles, pressing light kisses across his face while they both caught their breath.

"I don't uh, want to ruin the mood but should I go apologize to-"

"Fuck no." Duncan tells him firmly, shifting a curl behind his ear and cupping his jaw. "He was out of line."

"He has a meeting in-"

"He could have told us that before we went to bed."

"I guess." Will rubs the Alpha's back, frowning when he felt it was wet. "Dunc what-"

"It's fine baby, we'll clean it up later."

"Guess I need a nail trim."

"Yeah, gonna agree with that one."

-

They woke to the smell of coffee, Duncan caressing the small of the Omega's tense back and trying to ease some of the knots beginning to form. Once they were up and dressed he drew Will into a firm embrace.

"It's either going to be fine or not fine, we won't know until we go down." Duncan gives him a small smile, tracing his worry lines and kissing his nose before twining their fingers together and leading him downstairs. Finding his brother at the sink he holds Will close and greets him. "Hannibal."

"Hi."

"Morning." Hannibal responds distantly, pouring them all a coffee. He leaves theirs on the bench as they sit at the island.

"Thanks."

Duncan hums and rubs the anxious Omega's back, kissing his neck before sipping at his mug.

"As much as it sounded like you both enjoyed last night, I'd appreciate a discussion this evening regarding our sleeping arrangements to avoid it being an ongoing performance." Hannibal cuts to the chase, meeting both of their eyes impassively, not missing the glower his brother shot at him.

"I didn't uh - " Will stammers, dropping his Alpha's clinical gaze and trying to fight the mental beat down his mind started. "It wasn't planned."

"Perhaps instead of behaving and sounding like a whore on instinct after we've all gone to bed you could consider everyone in the house." Hannibal quips. He maintains an emotionless tone, knowing it would be more cutting for his mate. Seeing it hit the nerve he'd intended, he finishes his coffee and puts his mug in the sink.

Duncan watches the exchange from his seat at the counter, seeing the impact the verbal slap had on Will he waited for his brother to offer some sort of neutral farewell to either of them

before he left. Hearing Hannibal gather his bag from the study and head for the door he thrusts the stool back forcefully from the table and stalks to catch him in the entryway.

He was furious. His brother *knew* Will would rip himself apart about following his own instincts and disrupting his bed time. Even more so when reminded in such an uncaring way, as though Will was just another of his clients. It was completely unacceptable.

He saw red.

"Dunc, wait!" Will scrambles after him, still hazy with disbelief. He knew Hannibal had a lot going on but did he really think that of him? Was he really behaving like a whore?

"You're being a fucking asshole, apologize." The older Alpha shoves Hannibal into the wall aggressively, following up with a right hook.

Will halts at the doorway, heart pounding at the sight of his Alphas coming to blows.

"You're both being inconsiderate-" Hannibal recovers from the blow quickly, glaring back and readying himself for another hit.

"You could have gone to the spare room yourself or asked us respectfully to leave." Duncan got in his face, snarling quietly when his brother shoves him backwards. "You can't be up for everything one day and out of it the next Hannibal, this doesn't work that way, especially with Will the way he is."

"If being a cock whore is what he's into currently that's fine, you enjoy it while it lasts." Hannibal snarls back at him, dropping his book bag and grabbing his brothers neck.

"Just because we didn't follow your *rules* you're willing to risk him spiraling again? If this was an issue for you, you should have brought it up, not taken it out on Will!" Duncan grates out, grabbing his brothers wrist and throat in return, moving forward and putting him on his arse with a leg behind his knee. He lost his temper and hit his brother again, a solid right hook as he straddled his brothers middle.

"Apologize!" Duncan followed the right hook with a left, growling at his brother beneath him.

"Duncan!!" Will yells, rushing over and grabbing his wrist. He knew Hannibal could handle himself, he was strong, in great shape and had a predatory awareness to his movements. But Duncan was solid, unmoving muscle with years of physical fights and efficient killing engrained into his body. The way he was laying into his brother gave the younger Alpha almost zero chance of getting the upper hand. "Stop! *Please!*"

"Still think he's a whore Hannibal? He's begging for your safety." Duncan snarls, allowing the Omega to pull him upright and away before he did any more damage. He tries to provoke a reaction from his steely faced brother, growling, "Huh? Is this what you want from him?"

"Duncan, stop, please." Will tries a more placating tone, planting himself in front of the angry Alpha and grabbing at his shirt before resting his forehead against his chest. Breaking a little

he cries, "Please I *can't* do this right now."

"Will-"

"Fuck off Hannibal." The Omega sniffs, wrapping his arms around the older Alpha's middle when Duncan begins stroking his back soothingly.

Hannibal rose and collected his things, wiping the blood from his split lip as he met his brothers deadly stare over their Omega's shoulder. He drops his gaze, clenching his jaw he leaves quickly, slamming the door.

"You had to hit him?"

"He was being a cunt." Duncan noses into his hair, holding him tightly as he steadies his breathing. Smelling the distress fading from his Omega he relaxes. He hasn't been so angry in many years. For his brother to take such a low blow at Will while he was struggling was unacceptable. No Omega deserved such emotional abuse. Especially not his Will.

"You almost took his head off, I haven't seen you that mad before."

"Haven't been that mad in a long time. He deserved it. Are you ok?"

"I'm fine. Can I go back to bed?"

"You have a case baby." Duncan draws back to kiss him softly, only pressing their lips together fleetingly a few times before forcing him away and convincing him to get ready for the day together. Reluctantly allowing the Omega to drive to the office, Duncan watched him drive away, wondering if he needed to head to Hannibals office for another confrontation.

Chapter 4

"What's eating you lil' Graham Cracker?" Price asks playfully, tossing another swab kit at the profiler and giving him a cheeky grin when he finally reacts. "You've been quiet all day, I miss my snarky gremlin."

"Uh, just not feeling chaotic today I guess." Will rubs at his eyes, giving Price and Katz what he thought was a convincing chuckle.

It was not.

"Spill, Omega. Or I will make you spill." Beverley crosses her arms, moving in front of him when he tried to leave the bench space. "You've been quiet for days on this case and now you're downright dull."

"If we wanted pastel colors and boring profiling we would have called Dr Bloom." Price puts in, giving Will a matter of fact look.

"Fuck." Will leans against the bench, crossing his arms around his middle before pacing anxiously as he explained what happened up to that morning. "Hannibal was cold, like I've seen him switch off but he didn't want either of us near him last night."

"So Duncan came to the rescue, once again?" Price asks, leaning against the bench, watching the Omega go back and forth about the room.

"He. . . uhm - " Will rubs at his wrists. His friends were protective of him. As mad as he was at Hannibal in that moment he took a second to weigh up the consequences of telling them about his private life, and what it may mean for their future interactions with both of his mates. While he didn't want this to change their collective dynamic, he also needed to lean on his friends, Duncan couldn't be the only one he spoke to about what was going on. That wasn't fair either. "He took Hannibal down as he was trying to leave -"

"What? Why?!"

"Hannibal said I was behaving like a whore." Will clears his throat again and huffs an uncomfortable sigh. "He was just tired and we didn't really give him an option for an early night - "

"How badly did Duncan take him down?" Price presses, trying to picture the two Alpha's going at it physically for his own imaginations satisfaction. "I have questions. For science."

"Fuck, uhm - " Will starts pacing again, eventually finding the right description. "Think assault -"

"Assault?!!" Beverley grabs his wrist, pulling him to a stop. "He ASSAULTED Hannibal?!!"

"Think assault but with a *much* smaller a?" Will amends, inhaling and meeting her concerned look.

"That's his brother Will, what the fuck would he do to you if you piss him off?!"

"He lost his temper, it's been stressful for all of us."

"You're making excuses already?"

"Two Alpha's sharing a house is hard on them enough, let alone sharing an Omega-"

"Will, they're brothers they've shared a house before, my concern is you."

"It'll be fine, they might get into a fist fight tonight and end up making out, who knows."

"What if they don't?" Price plays Devils advocate. He drops his usual playful front and shows his own concern. "If you need a place to stay I have a pool house."

"Thank you, I really hope it doesn't come to that but I appreciate it." Will casts him a genuine grin, trying not to imagine having a pool house to himself and Duncan for god knew how long. Duncan would love the solitude. Not having to worry about upsetting Hannibal every other day when he was busy. And he wouldn't mind the peace to sort through his own mind. While his relationship with Hannibal was still important to him, the Omega was beginning to feel taking a step back would be good for both of them. He had changed within himself, Will knew that. Perhaps Duncan's understanding, steadfast presence had prompted the change, or simply allowed room for him to grow at the right time. He couldn't be sure. But what he could be sure of was the support and love he got from the older Alpha, and that of his friends as they stood around him. For that he was thankful.

"I'd offer but I'm in a one bedroom apartment. I don't think my current partner would appreciate the extra company." Beverley sighs, rubbing Will's shoulder affectionately.

"You're seeing someone? How did I not know about this?" Will demands.

"They're private, and very into not meeting people until we're sure this is a thing."

"They sound very logical, hopefully we get to meet them soon." Will nods, twitching a small grin at the appreciative smile Beverley gave him.

"Anyway, pool house, call me, let me know." Price reiterates before moving back into work talk.

-

Will picks Duncan up from his meeting after he was done for the day, driving quietly and biting at his lip anxiously. The Alpha strokes his knee as he drives, trying to soothe him and

not pushing him to talk about what he was thinking until they pulled into their street. They couldn't see Hannibal's car anywhere, but if he'd beaten them home it would be in the garage.

"I know this is shit, but I'm here ok?" Duncan rests a hand around the back of his neck. Long fingers carding through his curls, his thumb stroking his ear as he watches the Omega's eyes dart across the windscreen, following the spattering of rain beginning. It could be taken as a good sign, of old hurt being washed away with a potential new beginning. Or the complete opposite. Rain could muddy clear waters. Duncan knew his actions weren't the stable anchor Will needed in his life, especially now with his brother being so hot and cold. If he could take it back he wouldn't, but he would have taken more time to comfort his Omega before urging him to prepare for the day after Hannibal had left that morning.

"If this goes badly." Will begins, clearing his throat and taking a deep breath before continuing.

Duncan frowns, his hand freezes and his mind runs rampant with the idea that he may lose Will completely due to him losing his temper. He'd never been chosen over an easy solution before, his past riddled with workmates and acquaintances choosing the path of least resistance constantly. It was ok, he was used to it and familiar with burying the feeling of disappointment so it wouldn't show. This would hurt more than the others, he loved this Omega more than he could put into words. But if he chose to stay, he would love him just the same and figure something out. "Will I-"

"If this goes badly with Hannibal tonight," Will interrupts him quickly, putting his hand on the worried Alpha's knee and meeting his eyes. "One of my co-workers has offered a living situation as a back up."

Duncan swallows, tilting his head in confusion. "You wouldn't stay?"

"I didn't deserve the bullshit Hannibal threw at me, last night or this morning. Neither did you."

"So if he's gonna continue being an ass-"

"We have a place to stay."

Duncan leans across and kisses the Omega deeply, relief showing as he relaxes his hold on his neck to caress his hair. If things went badly with Hannibal, his Omega was choosing him.

Having steeled himself for the worst case scenario as always, Duncan cups his jaw in both hands, meeting his lips fleetingly, pulling back now and then to scan his beautiful blue eyes for any suggestion of doubt. Finding none each time he eventually eases up, more content to nuzzle along his neck comfortably.

When Will relaxes too he rests their foreheads together, making sure his mate was ok before suggesting they head inside.

"Yeah, lets get this over with." Will gives him another quick kiss before getting out of the car. Unlocking the door the profiler huffs an exhale.

"It'll be ok, I'm here." Duncan wraps his arm around his waist and holds him to his side as they enter.

They were met with silence, both looking about the entryway and down the hall to the kitchen to find it empty and still.

"Guess we're fending for ourselves." Will mutters sourly, hanging on to Duncan's side as they move to the study to grab their favorite whiskey. "Feel like cooking for me?"

"How's burgers sound?" Duncan sits, pulling the Omega onto his lap and wrapping his arms around his stomach.

"Fucking amazing." Will agrees, grinning and getting comfortable. He strokes the Alpha's hair and neck once he'd taken his glass. "Didn't know you could make burgers."

"I was thinking more of an order in or drive through situation." Duncan clarifies, grinning along with him when he laughed outright. "You may need to get used to less than a regimented eating schedule for the time being."

"Were you really worried I'd stay?" Will plays with his hair, watching the darker strands mix in with the silver through his fringe.

"You have a relatively broken sense of self worth baby." Duncan looks at his eyes as they weren't meeting his own. Seeing the deep grey flecking his outer iris getting lost in the bright sky blue that dominated the rest of his eye coloring he twitched a smile. They had been more grey yesterday, full of worry and a storm brewing. He wondered if Will felt stuck, as though he didn't have options now that he was mated to two Alphas. His wondering turned to what the Omega might want for himself. . .

"Are you calling me damaged?"

"Are you saying you're not?"

"You don't need to call me out on it that way." Will gives him an exaggerated eye roll, sipping at his drink and humming contentedly when the Alpha strokes his hipbone and nuzzles into his neck.

"It's good to see you realizing your own value." Duncan murmurs, kissing his jaw before relaxing back and sipping at his glass. "Sorry it took my brother being an asshole to bring it out."

"You brought it out too handsome." Will hums, chasing his lips, eventually sitting up and meeting his eyes adoringly. "I haven't felt this loved and cared for. Ever."

"Me neither. Didn't think I was worth anything much until I met you." The older Alpha admits, stroking his side. "You mean everything to me baby."

Will kisses him again. Slow and sweet. Their lips meet, teasingly at first, then with seductive intention. The Alpha's tongue begs for entry, sliding across Will's lower lip until permitted, slowly coaxing the Omega's into action. He whines in response to the quiet moan brought forth by a particularly demanding clutch at Duncan's hair, moving to lean along the Alpha's chest he straddles his hips. He wraps his arms around Duncan's neck, leaning his forearms along the broad shoulders beneath him as their tongues taste and languidly battle one another for dominance.

Duncan hears a car pull past the house and grips at his hips, easing up slightly so he could listen for any further activity out front.

Will hums questioningly, only drawing back when Duncan grins and nips at his lip. "Is this where I order burgers for you?"

"Mhm."

"Ass." Will tugs his hair. He smiles and nips his neck in retaliation before digging his phone out of his pocket. "What do you want?"

"Your ass." Duncan slides his hand under the Omega's shirt to caress his side, playing with the muscles covering his ribs.

"To eat darling." Will rolls his eyes.

"Did I stutter?"

"Look at the menu." The Omega tutts at him, handing him the phone and shifting off his lap.

Duncan hums and scrolls through their options with little interest, too preoccupied with the uncertainty of how Hannibal would respond when he returned. While he normally had the utmost respect for his younger brother, he was beginning to reconsider the high opinion. Seeing the on again off again affection and care he gave Will, and the expectation that the household would adapt immediately to him and his needs, Duncan wondered if he should be having a very different conversation with him. Instead of another 'effective communication' conversation, maybe it needed to be a 'reconsider how you treat our Omega' conversation. . .

"That's a whole lot of scrolling past burgers with bacon on them handsome." Will strokes his arm in concern.

"Just distracted I guess. I'll have whatever you're having." Duncan hands back his phone and kisses his cheek.

Will can't decide either, contemplating just driving them both around until they were hungry enough to keep the anxiety at bay. They were talking about Beverley's new relationship when they heard Hannibal's Bentley pull into the driveway, each of them soothing the other with firm touches when the front door was opened and closed quietly.

"Duncan, Will." The younger Alpha greets them civilly as he enters the study, setting down his work bag and laptop on the desk by the door.

"Hannibal." Duncan responds neutrally, meeting his brothers uncertain gaze evenly.

"Hey." Will answers quietly, twining his fingers with Duncan's and holding their hands on his thigh to ground himself before glancing at his mate. Unable to hide the residual hurt from his eyes he drops his gaze, refocusing on his whiskey and shooting the rest of the glass.

"Easy baby." Duncan murmurs into his hair, breathing alongside the nervous Omega as he shifts closer.

Hannibal went to approach, halting himself at Duncan's warning growl and scathing glare. Excusing himself to get a glass of wine he took in their Omega's defensive positioning, frowning as he left. Will had stopped being defensive around him after they'd mated, normally using his body language to communicate what he needed when he couldn't verbalize it. They'd had their disagreements and altercations with and without Duncan's presence and that hadn't changed. Until now.

"Obviously we need to talk." Hannibal tries to begin a neutral conversation. He sits on the arm of the recliner so he can face them more unobtrusively than he normally would have preferred. "How would you like to begin?"

"Still waiting on that apology." Duncan tells him outright, not giving an inch and meeting his brother glare for glare.

"Duncan you were as out of line as I was." Hannibal tries neutrally, sipping at his glass. His brother had always seen reason in the past, if he had a chance to discuss what their new boundaries and expectations were around their Omega he was certain things would return to a calmer dynamic. He could forgive his brother for defending his Omega so fiercely, thinking back on his pointed words he could see how Duncan would have bristled, especially given the language he'd used. He could forgive the outburst from his normally unshakable brother. They just needed to discuss it as they always did. He could make him see.

"Are you fu-"

"Dunc." Will halts the older Alpha before he made to rise, clasping his hand on his inner thigh to keep him in place. Turning his attention to Hannibal he asks quietly, "Did you mean everything you said this morning?"

Hannibal tilted his head mildly, taken aback at the subdued rage from his brother. Usually they would discuss things, even after a disagreement. Why was Will insisting Duncan stayed by his side?

"I'd prefer to focus on what Duncan expects from me before delving into that Will."

"You entitled little fu-"

"I don't give a shit about your preferences right now Hannibal." Will cuts Duncan off again, squeezing his hand to assure him he had the situation under control. "Answer the question."

"Will can you give me and my brother a moment to discuss things?"

"No." Will tells him firmly, meeting his Alpha's eyes coldly. He fights the urge to mark him up with his nail and teeth. To grab him by the hair and yank until he begged for forgiveness. He'd hurt both him and Duncan, his own flesh and blood, yet they were both sitting in their home willing to talk things through together. Why couldn't he see they were trying to resolve this as a family? "Discuss it all now or tell us to leave."

Hannibal blinks at him, only giving a marginal incline of his head to indicate his discomfort at the prospect of his mates leaving him failing a positive outcome. This was new. His brother allowing Will to speak for him even while he was clearly angry. Or perhaps, because he was clearly angry?

He sips at his glass before swallowing and looking them both over clinically. "I feel we may all need some time to process, I can call for a room at the hotel by the airport for you."

"Don't bother." Will pulls out his phone and dials Price's number, grinning broadly when he picked up on the first ring. "Hi, any chance that offer is still on the table? Great, we'll bring dinner, Fred's burgers ok?"

Duncan maintains an apathetic stare to his brothers questioning glance, only breaking it when Will hangs up and stands quickly. Following the Omega past his brother he allows himself to be led upstairs, packing the clothes he needed for a few days and helping Will find the items he wanted to take. Not questioning the pillows or weighted blanket he wanted to bring with them, Duncan bundles it all into a couple of bags he could carry easily.

Hannibal doesn't try to intercept their departure, choosing to observe it in the hallway, leaning against the study doorway. As they gathered their things and made sure they had everything they needed for a few days in the entryway, he approaches cautiously, offering the book he'd found on the coffee table that Duncan had finally started reading.

Not dropping the unwavering gaze he'd held so far, Duncan takes the book and drops it into one of their bags, still fighting the urge to beat him down a little more. Clenching his jaw he frowns at his brother, who was watching their Omega try to carry everything at once and failing.

"Baby, come on, we're not being chased out." Duncan grumbles, moving to Will's side and picking up the bags he was fumbling with. He presses a kiss to the Omega's head before huffing a sigh, "It's only for a little while, take a breath."

Watching Will accept what Duncan was saying and complying with him as a mate without question was a new experience for Hannibal. He doesn't expect any acknowledgement as they leave, finding himself reconsidering his actions and words quickly as his brother and Omega cast him disappointed looks. Perhaps he needed to re-evaluate and consider a new way of approaching their dynamic. He wants to stop them from leaving yet remains planted in place, unable to admit his part in their breakdown just yet.

The younger Alpha watches them drive away, considering getting in his car and tailing them just to know where they would be staying. Resorting to transferring his notes for the week onto his laptop, he buries himself in his work, trying to forget the hurt he'd seen on their faces.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Hi lovely readers, I have been so sick this week it's given me unexpected spare time to edit. Have some more chapters! Thank you for your kudos and comments I appreciate you all.

"About time I'm starving!" Price greets them at the door, grabbing the bags of food from Will and leading them to the kitchen.

"Jimmy, you remember Duncan."

"Always a pleasure. Drinks?"

"Glasses?" Duncan sets the bottle of whiskey and selection of wine they'd picked up on the counter.

"Ooo whose idea was this?" The Beta eyed the bag, unpacking bottle after bottle with noises of approval.

"Duncan wasn't sure what you'd prefer and wanted to make sure we brought something you liked." Will fills him in with a smile, pressing a kiss to the Alpha's cheek.

"Will, keep this one, he's good." Price grins at the Omega, giggling at the blush covering his cheeks.

"Thinking I might."

"Two glasses, he can have some whiskey since he's keeping me." Duncan opens the bottle, pouring generous portions when the glasses were slid over. "For you?"

"Red, please, color of my soul." Price flirts, fingering a wine glass closer to the Alpha across the bench.

Will shakes his head at the blatant teasing, sipping at his glass and observing Duncan's uneasy movement as he poured Price some of the shiraz they'd found. Placing a hand on his knee he tries to reassure his mate everything was ok, asking, "Hungry?"

"Fuck, yes, the food." Price distributes the burgers and fries, getting settled at the counter next to Will. "Eat then I show you the pool house?"

"You have a pool?"

"Hence pool house baby, not just a fancy word for a bungalow." Will mumbles, noticing the small smile on his mate's lips. "Is that ok?"

"I like the water." Duncan admits quietly, pressing a kiss to his cheek before digging into his food.

An hour later they were fed and a few drinks in. Will was filling the Beta in on how their conversation had gone with Hannibal, hanging on to the Alpha's knee and stroking it absentmindedly as he spoke.

"So no apology? Not even a segue into he may have fucked up?" Price clarifies, grabbing Will's shirt sleeve until he nodded. "Holy fuck, the perfect Alpha turns out to be more of a narcissist than any of us guessed."

"The perfect Alpha?" Duncan tilts his head, giving the Omega a subtle playful grin.

"The only description we got until you came around." Price nods, moving to top up all of their glasses.

"I didn't exactly have anything to compare him to." Will blushes fiercely, feeling the Alpha move a hand to his back, stroking across his spine gently. He tries to relax again, clearing his throat after another sip.

"It's ok, I know." Duncan kisses his cheek, smiling when the Omega turns to kiss him sweetly.

"You two." Price coos.

Duncan hides his smile behind his glass, trailing his fingers up Will's back to play with the curls at the base of his neck.

"To be entirely fair we didn't really give Hannibal much of an opportunity to talk." Will admits with a sigh, fiddling with his sleeves. "I was still angry when he tried to have the conversation. It seemed like he just wanted to talk to Dunc so I cut him off."

"We were a bit harsh weren't we?" Duncan muses, rubbing at his eyes. "Let's call him before bed?"

Will nods in agreement.

"Can I give you a tour?"

They agree and follow Price through the main house, taking in the tastefully decorated three bedroom outlay and spacious lounge room. The barely there beige tones accented with subtle whites throughout gave the house a warm feel to it, making the clean cut design of the design more homely and welcoming. Much like the owner. Seemingly no-nonsense, but with a soft spot for those he cared for.

Noticing the limp Will was valiantly attempting to hide Price naturally comments, "What have you done to your leg Will?"

"Nothing, just a work out strain it's fine."

"You work out?" Duncan frowns.

"Yes." Will growls at him, shooting Price a warning look.

"What sort of workout Will? I'm looking to expand my usual repertoire."

"Yeah baby, what sort of workout?" Duncan levels him with a blank stare, lips drawn and jaw tense.

"I'll show you sometime." Will clears his throat, avoiding Prices intensely interested grin to glance at his mate and offers a placating purr. Seeing Duncan nod but knowing he'd bring it up later, the profiler rubs his arm gratefully, twining their fingers together.

"Pool's always at swimming temp if you need to stretch it out properly." Price offers, watching their interaction with a smile.

Will had taken a long time to get to know, and they had eventually bonded over their mutual disdain for idiots and bigots. Price had only begun to get to know him properly since Duncan had come on the scene, having the strong feeling the older Alpha had a lot to do with it he was enjoying seeing the real Will instead of the broken, stressed profiler Jack had always brought him on cases as.

"Bed's freshly made." Price takes them through the pool house quickly, tossing Wills bag on the bed and moving to the kitchen section. "Fridge is stocked but let me know if you need anything else. We can do another shop tomorrow."

"Thank you. Really, this is more than anything we hoped for in this situation." Will assures his compassionate friend, moving to hang his work clothes in the wardrobe.

"Alright, don't forget we have a meeting with Jack in the morning. Don't make me come in here to wake you up because I will." Price gives Duncan an obvious once over, grinning when the older male shifted awkwardly.

"He'll be ready to go." The Alpha assures the Beta, stepping closer to his Omega and wraps his arm around his waist. "I'll make sure."

"Shame." Price pouts, giving Will a devilish grin at his eye roll and bidding them goodnight.

"He's a character." Duncan comments, guiding his mate to the bed with tugs at his shirt and pants.

"He was checking you out the entire time." Will groans against his neck, kissing along the column of his throat. "Remind me to double check the blinds are closed."

"Sure you don't want to add another to your kink list baby?"

"You're keeping track?" Will nips him, grinning at the growl he utters.

"Who wouldn't?"

"Shut it."

"Do it for me." Duncan rumbles, sitting on the mattress he pulls him down to straddle his hips.

Will meets his mouth eagerly, ignoring the strain through his thighs when he eases onto his lap slowly.

"You ok?" The Alpha doesn't miss the wince, stroking his arse gently in concern. "Must've been some workout."

"Just a little sore from last night I guess." Will confesses, cringing when he tries to sit again.

"Oh. I was a bit rough-" Duncan murmurs, feeling a little guilty.

"We both went a little harder than usual." The Omega caresses his neck, bracing himself on his shoulders and dismounting to lay on his side.

"Will?"

"Owww." Will pouts, stretching out his leg and wincing at the muscles catching along his thigh.

"Really? You're normally tough as nails baby, you ok?"

"Yeah just need to stretch. Will you call Hannibal? I was pretty ruthless."

"I don't know that he'll answer a call from me, I wasn't any better." Duncan chuckles, pulling out his phone.

"We should make the effort anyway."

Duncan nods and dials. Much to his relief Hannibal answers on the second tone.

"Hello Duncan."

"Hi Hannibal. We just wanted to check in before bed, we didn't exactly leave things on a good note."

"I'll agree with that." Hannibal chuckles.

"I'm sorry. I was still worked up from this morning. Would you be willing to have a conversation tomorrow at some stage? I'd like to talk this through, I'm sure Will feels the same." Duncan twitches a grin at the firm nod the Omega gives.

"Shall we do lunch?"

"Yes, thanks I'll see you then. Will wants a word, goodnight."

"Thank you Duncan. Goodnight."

Will takes a slow breath before accepting the phone. "Hi Hannibal."

"Hello Will."

"I'm sorry, about earlier. And last night. And this week I've been really intolerable." Will blurts out, rubbing at his face. "I want this to work, I'm sorry I didn't give you a chance to talk this afternoon."

"You're not leaving much opportunity to talk now."

"Fuck, I'm sorry." Will groans, unable to stop the grin at the gentle teasing from the younger Alpha.

"I would like to make this work as well, I am truly sorry for my part in this. It'll take some time, but getting back on the same page and leaving our mistakes in the past would be an excellent place to start."

"I agree. I can't make lunch tomorrow for your talk with Duncan, is the day after ok?"

"I will try to find the time."

"Thanks Han."

"Thank you. Goodnight Will."

"Goodnight."

Duncan smiles at the sigh his Omega utters, the domesticity of the whole situation finally catching up with him. They were working through things with Hannibal. It was a start.

He rubs Wills back, thinking through what he wanted to say to Hannibal.

Hearing Wills breathing even out into huffed snores he eased up, laying beside him, wondering what he'd done to deserve such an incredible Omega in his life. Let alone one who openly showed him his love was reciprocated. Things between them were amazing. Now to get back on track with Hannibal.

-

The following morning passed in a blur, both the Alpha and Omega sleeping through their alarms in their relaxed state and having to rush to get ready and meet Price in the kitchen. Thankfully the coffee was ready. They decided Duncan would take Wills car, leaving the Omega to ride with the Beta.

They got through the day, Will leaning heavily on Price and Beverley to get him through when he empathized strongly and couldn't level himself out. Speaking to Duncan on the phone he tried to hide his disappointment when he was told he wouldn't return for a few hours.

Dragging his feet to shower after they got back, Will eventually joins Price in the kitchen, fiddling with his phone distractedly.

"Will, he'll be fine he said he'd be back in a bit." Price dismisses his concern, pouring him a glass of whiskey and watching him sip at it while he put some pre-filleted fish in the oven and brought out the makings for a green salad. Seeing the younger man twitch uncomfortably on the other side of the bench he takes pity and puts him to work slicing tomatoes, cucumber and avocado. When that doesn't settle his unease the Beta huffs a sigh and coaxes, "Come on Will, use your words."

"I'm not five Jimmy." Will shoots him a good natured frown, taking the capsicum he offers. "I'm just. . . off balance, I guess."

"It's been an unpredictable time for all three of you."

"We spoke to Hannibal last night." Will mutters, taking his frustration out on the vegetable. "Duncan got to go see him for a talk today I'm just anxious to see how it went."

"It's only been a day, you're all processing. And Hannibal's a psychiatrist, so he's over processing and then deep frying in that brain of his." Price ends with a dismissive hand gesture, successfully making the Omega huff a laugh.

"He accepted our apologies." Will finishes his drink and pushing the glass away from him. "I should ease up, we have to finish the notes for tomorrow."

"We have an hour until dinners ready, we could finish them now and send them through to Jack to beat the morning meeting?" Price searches his colleagues face for clues as to how he felt about the suggestion, tilting his head in concern when he wasn't answered. "Or are you more worried about Duncan not being here?"

"Is it that obvious?" Will asks quietly, rubbing at his eyes and sighing.

"He said he'd be here in a few hours."

"Enough time for him to head to Hannibal's for another fist fight if things didn't go well." Will frowns, glancing at the whiskey.

"If they have more to sort out Will, that's between them." Price stops his train of thought, covering his hand and rubbing it firmly. Deciding for the Omega he pours them both a glass of white wine and leads him to the study confidently. Dragging out his laptop he sits at the desk, facing Will as the Omega perches on the arm of the couch. "Alright. We have an hour, lay it on me."

Will gives him a nod, sipping at his glass and getting comfortable before getting Price to read through the crime scene and giving him his thought processes out loud.

They were well and truly done with the notes when the oven alarm went off, Will moving to check the food while Price sent their finished file to Jack. When he joined Will in the kitchen he found him putting his phone aside with a sigh. "Is Duncan joining us for dinner?"

"He didn't pick up."

"Maybe he's driving." Price tries to reassure him, setting about plating up their food.

They spoke more about the case before Price asks, "How are you feeling about Hannibal?"

"Hm? I uh, guess I'm hurt. What he said was nasty, I haven't known him to be cruel towards me or Duncan before. Manipulative for sure, but he was spiteful this time."

"If he apologizes would you go back?"

"I uh-" Will swallows, chasing a piece of fish around his plate distractedly before admitting. "He's my mate. We have a lot to work on but I still love him."

"I haven't seen you this level, in all the time you've been with Hannibal you've been ok. But you haven't been-"

"Happy?" Will finishes for him, drawing the same conclusion. Meeting his friends concerned look he continues, "You're right. I was ok, but ok isn't happy."

"How does *he* make you feel?"

"Duncan?" Will sips at his drink with a small smile, scratching his nails over the back of his neck while he thought it over. "He makes me feel like I'm not some oddity he's taken pity on, like I'm worth the time it takes for him to check on me."

"Hannibal makes you feel out of place and a burden?"

"No, Hannibal loves me in his own way. I know he understands the way I am." Will sips again, searching his mind for how to explain the difference. "Duncan makes me feel. . . wanted. Safe, even when I'm spiraling."

"You know Hannibal understands you and the way you think."

"Being understood, and being accepted without needing to understand are different for me I think." Will rubs his eyes, swigging at his glass. "Hannibal I have to work to keep up with. He's always challenging me and my thinking, it is good for me when I'm in a level head space. Duncan doesn't care about the how or why I am the way I am, he just accepts it and gives me all of him regardless."

"That's so sweet." Price croons, drinking alongside him and finishing his meal. While they were cleaning the dishes he asks, "Have you thought about what you'll do if things don't work out for the three of you?"

"You know I know I have." Will chuckles, tapping at his head. "But it's not something I'm buying into this early on."

"Whatever happens, I'm around, ok?" Price rubs his shoulder affectionately, meeting the grateful smile and redirecting their thoughts. "So Beverley's new partner - "

Chapter 6

"Duncan! Hi how was your day?"

"It was a day" Duncan gives Price a bemused grin, wrapping his arms around his Omega's middle when he threw himself into him. Seeing the empty bottle of white wine on the bench along with two glasses he grunts, "Hey baby."

"Hi handsome." Will runs his hands across his shoulders and neck, humming happily when he was kissed slowly.

"Meeting at nine Will, we'll make it." Price slurs, scruffing up the back of the Omega's hair and shrugging at the Alphas skeptical look before heading for his room. "Kay night bye!"

Getting Will to the pool house the Alpha managed to untangle their limbs and close the door behind them, closing the blinds and making sure everything was in place before stretching out his back with a wince.

"You ok?"

"Just over did it, I'll be fine. You don't drink white, are you ok?" Duncan chuckles, putting his bag aside and moving into the Omega's arms.

"We had such a good night." Will mumbles, hanging on to his Alpha. "Jimmy made sure I felt ok. And we had such a good night."

"Good job baby." Duncan meets his drunken kiss, easing him into bed before asking. "Do you need me to call in sick for you and Price tomorrow morning?"

"Yeah, probably." Will drawls, undoing the Alpha's pants when he stood, drawing out and stroking his cock steadily. "How was your talk with Hannibal?"

"Fuck baby, you're still limping, I don't think you're quite up for anything yet." Duncan growls quietly, carding a hand through his curls gently. "Productive, we agreed taking some time apart would be beneficial for the rest of the week, but we're all going to sit down over the weekend and talk things over."

"Sounds great. Did he seem ok?"

"Guarded, understandably." Giving his hair an affectionate tug when Will keeps going he groans, "Come on Will, don't start something you can't finish."

"Sit down and shut up this is happening." Will grins at him, shifting to his side and tugging the Alpha to sit next to him. Seeing the wince he tried to hide he eases up. "Want me to look at it?"

"Want you to pick up where you left off." Duncan leans back on the bed when the Omega pushes his chest.

Will noses into the trail of hair covering the Alpha's stomach, kissing and nipping his way down as he spread the precum across his cockhead with his thumb. He trails his lips and tongue along Duncan's hardening length, leaving trickles of saliva mixing with Alpha slick across his shaft before taking him into his mouth and sucking.

"*Fuck*, that feels so good." Duncan gasps, moaning when his drunk Omega gags on him when he tries to take him too deep too soon. He fights back the chuckle in his throat at his over eager mates attempt, purring instead, "You ok baby?"

"Mhm." Will draws back to catch his breath and whines quietly, licking at the Alpha's cock before taking the length partially into his mouth and sucking slowly.

"Fuck, Will." Duncan moans encouragingly, bracing his hands behind him on the bed, clenching his hands in the sheets. "A little faster."

The Omega speeds up, bobbing his mouth on and off his erection, taking him deeper into his throat now and then to get the desperate groans he loves hearing.

"Fuck baby, just like that." Duncan's fingers grip the curls at the back of his head, tilting his head back and coming quickly. Groaning at the feel of his Omega swallowing around him he thrusts a few more times, riding out his orgasm before leaning back on his elbow. He pants as he watches Will lick him clean. Not that the Omega had left much to dribble down his cock.

Grinning at the vulnerable glance he was eventually given, the Alpha pulls Will on top of him and claims his mouth slowly. Tasting himself on the Omegas tongue he hums contentedly, easing him aside to undress before moving them both under the blankets.

-

As predicted, Duncan answered his Omega's phone after the third ring waking him, seeing Will still dead to the world. Informing Beverley both Will and Price would be unable to come in for the meeting and lab session, he listened to what she had to say and assured her he would pass it on. He listened to the light snores his mate was huffing against his arm, checking his own phone and finding nothing from his brother.

Duncan heaves a sigh. Their talk had gone well, both parties remaining civil, Hannibal even offering his own immediate apology. Hesitant about initiating physical affection, the older Alpha waited for his brothers first move, receiving a tight embrace at the end of their conversation. He had returned it with relief, wondering if the show of vulnerability was the beginning of Hannibal making more of an effort, for all of them.

Eventually he draws Will from his sleep, bringing him a coffee and toast. Duncan fills him in on Beverley's threats of bodily harm, relaying that she would be arriving around lunch time to be carrying them out if they weren't awake.

They linger in bed for a while longer before rising and getting Price up and about, just in time for Beverley to ring the doorbell as he was finishing his coffee.

Looking more together than his Beta friend, Will answers the door, trying to appear at least a little sheepish.

"Oh hey Bev, Price and I must have eaten somethi-"

"Shut up Will, the next time you get drunk working on a case without me I'm outing you both to Jack." Beverley shoves the bag of groceries into his arms and walks inside.

Will apologizes, closing the door behind her and following her back to the kitchen.

She greets Price with the same threat, smacking his shoulder before taking a seat at the bench and producing the Bacardi she'd been carrying in her purse.

"Usual?"

"Make it a double. I had to put up with Crawford and Zeller ALONE, all morning! Extend an invite next time you assholes."

"It wasn't planned, it just happened and our amazing minds were able to-"

"We're sorry." Will interrupts Price quickly, shoving the ingredients towards the Beta before questioning. "I'm sorry, the usual?"

"We drink now and then."

"Yeah, thanks for the invite." Will quips, giving her a sassy eyebrow raise before grinning with her.

"There's my Will. Where's Duncan?"

"Swimming, he likes the water." The Omega sits next to her, swiveling his seat so he could face her as well as check what Duncan was up to.

Seeing his Alpha getting out of the pool and sitting with his legs in the water he exhales contentedly, hiding his love-sick grin behind a hand and accepting the glass from Price.

"Thank you."

"No thank-YOU." Price follows his gaze, eyeing Duncan's back and catching the apple Will threw at him.

"I'm missing something, you seem more relaxed, are you medicating?" Beverley asks, taking the glass and sipping with a curious look at the Omega.

"Uh, something, like that." Will grins, his gaze drawn by Duncan lounging by the pool, looking over his broad shoulders and scarred torso.

"Is that your medication Will?" Beverley grins, borderline hyena-like. "Your Daddy keeping you happy?"

Will splutters into his glass, clearing his throat as Price hummed an affirmative.

"Oh please like I'm not aware of his kinks." Price rolls his eyes, shoving Beverley's shoulder when she shrugged. "As if any of us have missed the reaction to one of us saying 'good boy.' Will are you eating?"

"Not hungry. I have a reaction?"

"Oh Will, it's called a praise kink." Beverley rubs his shoulder in a purposely condescending manner, guiding him to take another drink and seeing Duncan watch them carefully.

"Are you and Duncan sharing notes?" Will grumbles, sipping at his glass and seeing the subtle smirk his mate gives him as they all kept staring at him, the slight twitch of his moustache giving him away to the Omega.

"Don't need to." Beverley laughs along with Price, hesitating before asking, "Have you heard from Hannibal?"

"Duncan saw him yesterday, said it went well." Will huffs, seeing Duncan tilt his chin up marginally, indicating he wanted him to come over. "I'm heading there later for a talk."

Will grabs his Alpha a beer and moves outside to join him. He nudges Duncan's elbow with his toes before sitting by his side. Handing him the bottle he meets the seductive kiss his mate offers, trailing his free hand around his neck and caressing the back of his head.

"Hangover cure?" Duncan asks once they pull up, sipping at his beer and watching the Omega drink.

"Looking like more of a recipe." Will retorts, humming happily and kicking his legs gently at the water surrounding his calf muscles. Feeling the resistance make his thighs cramp a little he stops quickly, wincing and grunting at the mild pain.

"Will?" Duncan grips his hip in concern, grabbing his glass and setting it aside.

"Just tight, I'm ok." Will tries to reassure his mate, stroking his back gently.

"Bullshit."

"Dunc, wha-"

Duncan shoves Will into the pool, following him in and waiting by the edge for his Omega to emerge.

"Dunc!" Will splutters, thrusting a wave of water at him as aggressively as he could while trying to catch his breath. Watching the Alpha take the water face on and tilting his head at him, fringe dripping in a frustratingly beautiful manner afterwards only made him do it again.

Duncan ducks below the surface and kicks off the side of the pool, getting a few meters away so the Omega had to paddle before he could reach him with a splash. Grinning and repeating, the Alpha led him on the chase.

It happened again and again, the Alpha making him swim after him for his revenge each and every time, effectively stretching out his back, hips and thighs without focusing on the muscles that had been catching. Huffing and shaking his head with a rueful grin, Will retreated to the shallow end of the pool, sitting on the step and watching his Alpha make his way back to him.

He strips off his soaked shirt and throws it at him, meeting his playful smirk as he caught it.

"Hi baby." Will huffs, reaching his arms around his neck and nuzzling his nose.

"Hey sweetheart." Duncan returns his greeting softly, kissing him while trying to catch his breath, he tosses the shirt by their drinks. "Legs ok?"

"Still attached." Will assures him, humming into his mouth when the Alpha stands by the lower step and presses his cock against his thigh under the water. He whines, shifting forward on the step to wrap his knees around his Alpha's thighs. "Dunc-"

"Easy baby." Duncan chuckles, lifting his mate to the pool's edge and removing the temptation altogether. He leans his forearms along Will's thighs, caressing his lower back slowly and tilting his head back to explore his eyes.

"What're you thinking about?" The Omega sighs, relaxing and rubbing his shoulders.

"How beautiful your eyes are." Duncan answers honestly. He can't remember the last time he'd stopped to admire his mate. Obviously he was attracted to him physically. Intellectually he could barely keep up but still found his mind a turn on, even when he didn't understand.

But the last time he'd taken him in. And just adored him.

He couldn't remember.

So he was taking the time now.

"Oh." Will twitches a bashful smile, cupping his jaw affectionately. "Glad you like them."

"Just a little." The Alpha leans into his touch, kissing his wrist.

"I love you."

"Just a little?"

"Just all of you. A lot." Will presses a kiss to his forehead.

"I love you." Duncan murmurs against his hand, groaning and hanging his head when his Omega went back to massaging his shoulders, focusing on his traps and working through the corded muscles firmly. "Fuck that feels good."

"You're really tense, turn around so I can sort this properly."

"I'm good here."

"Wasn't a request." Will removes his hands, leaning back and picking up his glass, sipping slowly while his mate leveled him with a calculating stare.

Duncan's moustache twitches in a grimace before he relents and turns to sit on the step in the water between the Omega's legs. Scrunching his face in pain while Will couldn't see as he dug his thumbs into the corded muscles connecting his neck and shoulders, he controls his breathing and wraps his arms around the Omega's calves. Finding and stroking his ankles, he finally relaxes and lets Will work on him without feeling he had to put up a front for anyone else. When a particularly hard group of muscle was manipulated he lets him know, "That's fucking sore baby."

"Sorry handsome." Will eases up and presses a kiss to his ear. "Want me to stop?"

"Yes and no." Duncan snuffs a chuckle, still aware his mates coworkers were observing them, but giving in to what his body needs. "Just a little less pressure, until it gives, please?"

"Whatever you want." Will kisses his cheek and continues, feeling the muscle knots out and easing them more gently.

"*Mn* fuck that's good."

"Not hurting too much?"

"A little but its good." Duncan grunts, feeling the knots give and leaning into the pressure from his mates thumb with a quiet moan. "Right there."

Will keeps working the corded muscles, finding them giving under the right angles and pressure, trying to make sure his mate wasn't covering his pain responses. He had seen him hold a full conversation with Hannibal while still being prodded and probed with a deep abdominal wound. A little muscle manipulation pain would be far easier to cover. He wanted to be sure, asking again, "That ok?"

Duncan grunts an affirmative, rolling his shoulders and neck to test the muscles. Turning to face his Omega he stands and kisses him gratefully, cupping his jaw affectionately. When they ease up and Will pecks at his nose he murmurs, "Thank you baby."

"Anytime."

Grinning and stepping out of the water, the Alpha cards a hand through Wills curls, picking up his drink before laying flat out behind the Omega. He finishes it quickly, he sets it aside, watching his mate turn to shuffle closer and cross his legs beside his torso.

Contemplating dragging Will on top of him, Duncan settles himself by stroking his inner thigh firmly, groping at the flesh beneath his shorts he huffs a sigh. "Are you ok?"

"Yeah, just over thinking."

"Tell me what's going on up there."

"Bev asked if I'd heard from Hannibal." Will tells him, stroking his hands over his Alpha's chest and stomach gently, spreading his fingers to explore the grizzle coating his torso. "He said he'd make time today but I haven't heard anything from him."

"He mentioned he had a busy schedule today. Maybe you could give him a call?"

"What if he's changed his mind?" Will frowns, withdrawing into himself and crossing his arms around his stomach.

"He was eager to see you when we spoke. He wants to make this right." Duncan strokes his side.

Will examines the poolside pavers patterns to distract himself from the feeling in his gut telling him something was wrong with Hannibal. He sips at his glass before asking, "Why do you think I was ok with being with Hannibal until we met? I was ok, my mind was an absolute bag of shit but I was ok. Then you came along and I can be not ok but still loved."

Duncan shifts uncomfortably, hoping his brother hadn't changed his mind about seeing Will. These were things they needed to talk about together. "I dunno baby, some things are just chemical I guess. People change."

"I never felt not taken care of with him. . . but there was a bit of a disconnect I guess?" Will mutters, trying to vocalize his thought patterns. "He's never left me feeling at a loss, but I've also never really needed the level of care you give me."

"You saying I turned you into a softie baby?" Duncan teases him gently, rubbing his thigh when the Omega strokes his hands up and down his forearm.

"I'm saying you give me a lot more than I thought I deserved." Will grins at him, bending over to kiss his Alpha gently. "You and Hannibal both do, I need to remember to tell him that."

"I'll remind you. Your co-worker is checking me out again." Duncan sits up, getting to his feet slowly.

"Would you rather he check me out?" Will makes to get out of his trunks, laughing when the Alpha grabbed his wrists and pulled him upright.

"Fuck no, did you eat?"

"Not hungry." Will kisses his cheek before adding, "And can't say I blame him, you're hot as hell."

Duncan scoffs, rubbing his sides and walking him back inside.

"That was a quick swim." Price greets them both, openly watching Duncan's well muscled body move about the kitchen.

"He needs feeding."

"He said he wasn't hungry."

"*HE* isn't hungry." Will adds, sitting at the bench with his chin in his hands.

"Duncan." Beverley offers her hand, shaking the Alpha's firmly when he acknowledged her quickly.

"Ms Katz." Duncan twitches a grin, putting together a few basic ham and cheese sandwiches, making sure Will was eating before he settled beside him at the bench.

"It's nice to see the Alpha who out-Alpha'd the perfect Alpha again." Beverley can't help but comment, sipping at her drink and poking her tongue out at Will's frown.

"I've heard that description was the going rate, glad it's been torn down." Duncan chuckles, rubbing the Omega's side when he shifts uncomfortably. "Ms Katz I heard you taught Will to shoot properly."

"She gave me some pointers on stance I already knew how to shoot." Will grumbles belligerently, twining his fingers through the Alphas when they came to rest on his knee.

"Stance makes a big difference in the field, would you say your shooting has improved?" Duncan challenges him quietly, kissing his neck at the audible hum he received in return.

"What field are you in?"

"Security."

"Duncan consults for private and commercial security companies." Will continued the easy lie they'd discussed once they were a mated couple.

"Makes sense."

"Why wouldn't it?"

Will nudges the Alpha with his elbow, rolling his eyes and redirecting the conversation, asking her if Zeller had been sad that Price wasn't in for the day.

They spent time with the Omegas friends until evening when Beverley's partner called saying they were out front. Bidding her farewell the other three headed to bed, Duncan cleaning the dishes quickly before joining Will in the pool house.

Watching the lithe Omega stretch through the glass panels on the door before entering Duncan adjusted his growing erection. Not wanting to pressure him too much he purrs, "Hey

baby, did you call Hannibal?"

"He messaged apologizing, his day was busy. He said he'll call tomorrow."

"You ok?"

"Yeah, it's ok."

"Wanna make out?"

"I see your make out." Will grins, locking the door behind him and shuffling towards the bed, pulling off his shorts and shirt before he makes it to the mattress. "And I raise you some fooling around."

Pulling the Alpha between his legs and on top of him, the Omega sighs, their lips meeting passionately.

"Why don't you get on top baby? It's been a minute since you rode me."

The Omega vocalizes eagerly, hanging on to his neck as Duncan rolls beneath him. "Your back's still sore hm?"

Duncan huffs a laugh, caressing his thighs as the Omega straddles him and rocks his hips back and forth. "Could be."

"I'll work it over later." Will undoes the Alpha's pants and draws them down, exposing his cock.

"You're working me over now."

Will grins and shakes his head.

"Mmm, just like that baby, you feel so good."

Rutting along his Alpha's length Will feels his slick begin to drizzle from his entrance, making him whine at the aroused growl Duncan gave.

Duncan grips his cock, guiding it between the Omega's cheeks to coat it in his slick. He chuckles, reveling in the wanton moan he got from gripping his hips and thrusting up into him. He utters a barely audible curse and smooths his hands across Will's flanks, edging the base of his thick cock into the Omega slowly. He eases in and out of the slick wet hole, holding his mate still while he thrusts into him teasingly.

"Dunc-"

Duncan feels the Omegas fingertips and nails *dig* into his shoulders. He rolls his head back, groaning when the nails claw down to his collarbone. He thrusts shallowly again, hissing when nails scrape harshly across his sternum.

"What baby?" The Alpha asks, voice rough with arousal, knowing he was pushing his mates tolerance for being tormented, especially in their bed. It wasn't that he was trying to be cruel, rather he wanted to find their boundaries and limits for domestic play without Hannibal dictating how much time they had with one another. If he could tease Will into the early hours, he fucking would. Happily.

Feeling the Omega's thighs gripping around his hips and hole desperately clenching around his cock, Duncan swallows and accepts that this wouldn't be the night for stamina. He allows Will to sink down onto him, humming brokenly at the heat enveloping his cock, and the anchoring weight across his pelvis.

As much as the Alpha loves driving into Will from above, being ridden by the divine Omega set him off in a different way.

"Duncan, fu- yes." Moans Will, crooning at the feeling of his Alpha filling him and meeting his movements.

Will feels him bottom out and sees the hopeless snarl of bliss cross Duncan's features, edging his hips more onto the Alpha and making him gasp a flood of torn, barely audible sounds.

Gradually building to rolling his hips in a steady motion, Will feels his Alpha's strong fingers gripping into his hips, surely leaving bruises covering his hips for him to admire the following day. Feeling their combined slick coat and trickle between their coupling, the Omega claws at his chest eagerly, whining at the growl from beneath him.

"Daddy I wanna come."

"Good boy, come for me baby." Duncan praises him immediately, hanging on to his thighs and grabbing desperately as he found and rode out his own release shortly after.

The Alpha cleaned them both up quickly, wrapping around his sated Omega before losing himself to sleep as well.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Hi."

"Hi baby."

The pair enjoy the calm silence as they wake, Duncan playing with the Omega's curls distractedly while Will drifts in and out of awareness.

Will emerges enough from his slumber state to greet his mate quietly, nuzzling into his neck and tracing his fingers over the skin, scratched up the night before. Exploring the raised, pink strips he had abused, he watches the Alpha fight sleep to wake up with him, unable to subdue the grin that spreads across his lips.

"What?" Duncan eventually asks, meeting the offered lips, caressing his cheek and jaw line tenderly.

"I'm sorry I don't have anything except work to talk about, not exactly Saturday morning conversation."

"You don't have to talk for the sake of talking, I'm happy just being with you."

The Omega hums quietly. His over processing mind rejected the idea to begin with, he was so used to countering and adapting ideas that weren't his own. When he was met with no discourse or turbulence, it was confusing. Eventually baffling. Hannibal had usually drawn his thoughts into words. As much as he valued the silence, he missed the challenge. The interaction and processing of his thoughts before he even knew he was thinking of them. He missed his mate.

Getting lost in Duncan and his endless affection, his openly giving nature had been easy. It was a different kind of love. He wouldn't say deeper, or more intimate. Just different.

Thinking on it in the peace, in the relaxed mood of the morning, Will feels like he's reaching for an absent piece of himself, quickly understanding that piece is Hannibal. As much as he could stay in the silent, steadfast presence of the assassin he knew it would result in resentment for lack of outward intellectual challenge.

He exhales heavily good naturedly, his perplexing feelings manifesting on his face.

Will eventually admits, "I don't have to fill the quiet with words, but it is helpful for people like us to be pushed out of the silence."

"Do you feel that way around Hannibal?"

"A little. He's so interesting and articulate, I enjoy the challenge of keeping up with him, even if some of my input is for the sake of a debate. He's fun to provoke into spiels."

"He would enjoy hearing that from you. Do you miss him?"

"Yeah. I really do, we've been a little fixated, don't you think? Don't you miss him?"

"I do."

"We are supposed to be trying this together, we left him behind when he was busy-"

"We were a little distracted with one another." Duncan hums, chuckling when Will raises an eyebrow at him. He amends, "We were very distracted with one another."

"I fucked up." Will grimaces, pulling his lower lip between his teeth absently in thought. "I should have-"

"We all fucked up baby." Duncan scratches his fingers through his curls, sighing at the admission. He had been so focused on getting Will stable and back on his feet he hadn't taken the time to consider Hannibal in what was supposed to be their relationship. In protecting Will he'd lost his connection with his brother. Thinking on it now the older Alpha knows he could have done more to accommodate their developing dynamic. It had been stunted in its growing stages by all of them. Each of them guilty for not being flexible, accepting, and open. At the end of the day that was the only way this was going to work, if it was going to work at all. While Duncan would happily bundle Will up and disappear if he asked him to, he realizes leading up to their break down he hadn't checked in with his brother since he'd started prioritizing Will.

"We could have done a lot more to let him know we needed his time, and been a lot more patient with him."

"Do you think he misses us too?"

"I'm sure he does baby." Duncan plays with the Omega's curls, pulling one and letting it bounce back across his forehead a few times.

"I feel like there's a 'but' stirring there." Will comments openly, resting his chin on the grizzled chest beneath him.

"But." Duncan tugs at another curl for the sass on his Omega. "I can see time apart has done you both some good. You wouldn't have admitted to missing him a month or two ago."

"Not sure if that says more about me or him."

"Doesn't matter." Duncan mumbles, stroking the curls around his ear and exploring the soft skin at the point of his jaw.

They settle back into a comfortable silence, both drifting again until Will's phone began vibrating incessantly.

"Will."

"Hm?"

"Your phone baby." Duncan grunts, reaching over to grab it for him.

"Thanks." Will groans, taking the phone and checking it with bleary eyes. "It's Jimmy, want anything from the café for lunch?"

"Coffee and a sandwich."

"What sort?"

"What would you get for me?" Duncan blinks at him.

Will shakes his head with a sleepy grin, responding to the analyst quickly before snuggling up against the Alpha. Humming a contented sigh he rests his chin on his chest, meeting his calm gaze and wondering what he was thinking.

"Don't you want to know what I ordered you?"

"I can wait to see. Just enjoying the view for now."

Will blushes and huffs a laugh, "I bet."

"What do you normally do on your days off?"

"You've seen me on my days off, more research, bouncing ideas off Hannibal."

"What do you normally *want* to do on your days off?"

"If I'm not trying to keep up with Hannibal or get ahead on another case?"

"Mhm."

"Uh. . . this? I guess? Spending more time with Hannibal when he isn't swamped with work, with you both?" Will smiles at the fantasy, stretching his neck slightly. "Maybe go for a walk?"

"Would you mind if I joined you?"

"Would you mind if I begged you to?"

Duncan hums, shaking his head at his adoring Omega and bringing a hand up to massage his neck.

They make their way inside at another message from Price.

"Latté, ham cheese tomato avo wrap. Latté, Ham and cheese thick crust sandwich."

"Thanks Jimmy, you want cash?" Will checks, moving around the kitchen quickly to put his Alpha's sandwich in the press toaster before pouring his coffee into a mug and sliding it across the bench to him.

"Uhm, find me someone who can order for me and girl boss their way around the kitchen the way you do. That will be payment enough."

"I'll put you on the waiting list for one of my clones."

"Too late they're all taken by me and my brother." Duncan mutters, twitching a grin at Price and watching his mate lean against the bench while he ate his own wrap.

"What're you doing today?" Will asks the Beta, handing him a knife and plate when his bruschetta refused to divide into equal portions.

"I have a few youtube videos I want to watch, Bob Ross has inspired me and I'd like to spend some me time painting." Jimmy tells them, digging into his food and sighing happily. "And probably ordering more good food."

They finish eating and leave Price to his painting. Heading out for a walk Duncan twines his fingers with the Omega's, watching him blush and meeting his adoring gaze softly.

"It's unusual for me, having someone make me the exception to their rule." Will voices eventually, keeping his eyes on the pavement as he searched for the right words. Duncan's patient hum made him smile, feeling the Alpha stroke his thumb along his own reassuringly.

While Duncan knew Hannibal had the capacity to be a good mate, he was beginning to wonder if Will had adjusted his expectations about what a good mate entailed and perhaps contributed to the steady breakdown of his initial relationship. The assassin had made it very clear he was head over heels for this Omega, he would do anything and everything necessary to keep him happy and safe. He made another mental note to be more open in his affection for his brother. He was so used to Hannibal being bulletproof, it occurred to him he hadn't shown Hannibal how much he cared for him in a long time.

"You're an assassin." Will says as though it was explanation enough. He'd seen the fury in Duncan the afternoon they'd left. Even while he was hitting Hannibal he'd been holding another kind of beast back. Thinking on it now, he wondered what kind of damage he would do to someone he didn't care about.

"I am. And Hannibal is a cannibalistic serial killer. Why is this suddenly important?" Duncan asks, slightly confused.

"You're used to being closed off, having to hide everything you do and feel. Other than Hannibal who else have you been this open with?"

"No one."

"Why?"

"Hm?"

"Why me?" Will met his uncertain look. "You're so gentle with me unless I ask you not to be. You don't get impatient when I'm struggling, or when I was going to Hannibal to talk. Can't imagine an assassin would be accustomed to waiting around."

"Hadn't found anyone worth waiting around for until you, thought I'd told you that already." Duncan mumbles, squeezing his hand and pressing a kiss to the side of his head. "Hannibal hung around for you too from what you've both told me. We may have come into things differently, but I feel like this could be ok if we talk to him about it. He's been an ass but he's still our ass."

"You want this to work too?"

"If that's what you both want, yes."

"See? Stuff like that, why are you so soft for me? For me and Hannibal? You're a deadly assassin, you could end anyone along this street if you wanted to, yet here you are being affectionate."

"Will I love you both. That's all there is to it."

"I love you too handsome." Sensing Duncan might prefer to answer any further probing questions into his mind when they were back in the safety of the pool house, Will lets him be.

Taking their time in heading back, they spent the walk hand in hand, Duncan nuzzling into Will's hair now and then. They crossed the road a few times, zigzagging through the new section of neighborhood, the Alpha swapping sides with Will each time. It took the Omega a while to understand what he was doing, eventually realizing Duncan was keeping himself between the traffic and his Omega. He was protecting him. As always.

"You know Hannibal made you the exception to his rule too." Duncan offers quietly, having had the time to think about how to word what he was thinking to the Omega. "And me."

"How do you mean?"

"He was never going to get involved with anyone, he was content in his own company until you came along."

"He was pretty relentless in pursuing me." Will reminisces, smiling to himself at the thought of the younger Alpha cooking for him in their early days. Their conversations had lasted long into many nights, Hannibal gradually coaxing him into the kitchen to cook alongside him. Seemingly harmless, barely there flirtatious touches had turned less than innocent after a few weeks. "I don't think I cooked for myself once in the first two weeks."

"That sounds about right." Duncan chuckles.

"And for you?"

"He let me stay, even after things got rocky. He was trying to juggle both of us along with his work, and everything we were dealing with for your case."

"I guess it's been pretty uncomfortable for him." Will frowns, eyebrows knitting together in frustration at this new insight. Hannibal, for all his flaws, had been trying to keep everyone comfortable. Even at the expense of his own happiness. And until the night before Duncan and Will had moved out, he'd been trying to keep them healthy, even in his controlling manner. He'd just wanted Will to get more sleep. He'd just wanted Duncan to get the steady rest his body had been demanding for years. "Fuck, now I just feel like an asshole."

"We've got stuff to work on." Duncan admits quietly.

"Can we go see him? I really want to apologize."

"Of course, we'll call on the way over."

-

Hannibal greets them both warmly, holding Will tightly as the Omega nuzzles into his chest and neck.

"Hello Will."

"Hey, I missed you."

"I've missed you too." Hannibal smiles into his hair, rubbing his hands over Will's back soothingly. "You feel tense, are you alright?"

"Mhm, you smell wonderful." Will inhales his scent, forcing his muscles to relax under his mates touch.

Pleased Will was responding to him positively, Hannibal reluctantly releases him to embrace his brother, humming when long fingers scratched their way through his hair.

The Alphas allow Will to find where he was most comfortable, winding up in the lounge room in front of the empty fire place. Hannibal pulls the reading chair over from beside the window, settling in it when it was within arms reach of Will and Duncan.

Duncan leans against the couch arm, watching both his brother and Omega settle.

"You can sit, Dunc everything's ok." Will tries to reassure him he didn't have to be at the ready.

"I'm good here." The older Alpha hums good naturedly. "Go ahead."

"Ok. Uh shit I don't even know where to begin." Will mutters, leaning against the brickwork. "Han I'm so sorry things got this bad between us."

"We both are." Duncan adds quietly, giving his brother's shoulder a brief squeeze.

"The feeling is mutual." Hannibal nods appreciatively, visibly relaxing, rubbing his brother's hand, allowing him to twine their fingers together.

"Hannibal you were a real dick. But so were we and we'd like to put it behind us."

"I want that too."

"I'm sorry I didn't ask what you were thinking, or give you a chance to explain where you were coming from. You were just trying to give me some structure to help me cope and I reacted poorly."

"I apologize for my uncalled for insults and not prioritizing you when you've been struggling. I've been dismissive and it was easier to allow you to rely more on Duncan, it is something I hope to improve on moving forward."

"I'd like that." Will softens, stroking his brother's wrist appreciatively. "I feel like I've changed over the last couple of months, I'm sorry I didn't take the time to talk to you about where my head's been."

"You tried to, a few times. I realize now I dismissed your requests to discuss things, assuming it was only case work bothering you."

"Why did you start doing that?" Duncan asks quietly, making sure his face remained neutral when his brother searched his eyes for any hostility.

"I won't make excuses. It was a misguided attempt at managing my brother's ongoing trouble with his work. Telling him to shut it down had worked previously, I should have made the time to listen."

Duncan nods, satisfied with the response and seeing Will accept it too.

Hannibal twines his fingers with Will's, stroking his thumb gently before proceeding.

"Rushing back into things didn't work, we didn't have much of a choice with your heat coming. This time perhaps you should remain at Price's another week and we can find our feet again?"

"You don't want us to come home?" Will asks, wanting him to clarify exactly where he was going with the suggestion.

"Not right away. We can continue having discussions like this one throughout the week and have some space while we're processing. I can see you've been enjoying the change of scenery, you both look well rested."

"We are." Duncan admits. "You do too. I think it's a good idea."

"What about you?" Will asks the younger Alpha.

"I've still got clients keeping me busy enough. It's just another week, think of it as me courting the both of you."

"You want to date us?" Will chuckles along with Duncan's quiet huff.

"I would like to, yes." Hannibal smiles. "I would like to reconnect with you both, if you'll have me?"

"I will."

"Sounds a plan." Duncan agrees, twitching a grin at the relieved drop of his brothers shoulders.

They discussed where their downfalls had been and what they wanted to work on, both as individuals and as a collective. The trio agreeing that any disagreements over their wanting to care for Will should be held as an open conversation in the future, instead of it falling purely on Hannibal's psychological analysis and Duncan's instincts. Will agreed to an ongoing time slot in Hannibal's schedule for a session once a week. Not only would it save the pressure of Hannibal rearranging his work, it eliminated the possibility of Will feeling dismissed and having to lean so heavily on Duncan.

Duncan agreed to work on being less suspicious of his brothers motives, especially when it came to their mate. Second guessing what he was thinking had only driven the divide between them, and while it was a part of his nature, he wanted to do what he could for Will as well as Hannibal. He also agreed he had fixated on the Omega, that he needed to include Hannibal in his affections.

Will has to excuse himself when his phone rings, Jack Crawford's ID flashing across the screen. He moves to the other side of the room, half listening to Jack's questions while he watches his mates continue talking. He smiles to himself, seeing Duncan openly showing his brother affection.

Duncan had moved to Hannibal's side where he stood before the mantelpiece, rubbing a hand across his lower back. He hadn't realized exactly how focused he had been on their Omega until Hannibal had drawn him into a desperate, all or nothing kiss.

Duncan moves forward, cupping his jaw and stroking his neck gently. Their lips slide together, the younger Alpha's desperation easing into affection, reassured by the strong fingers caressing his skin.

Realizing he'd been anticipating rejection, Duncan shifts his hands to his back, wrapping his arms around his brother to hold him firmly.

When Hannibal relaxes the hold he has on Duncan's shirt he's nuzzled, Duncan pressing light kisses along his ear and neck, drawing a grin from the younger Alpha. Sitting on the couch Duncan drags Hannibal alongside him, snuggling up comfortably.

Will smiles at the cozy scene, meeting Hannibal's eyes when he looks over and checks on him. Ending the call after a few minutes of reconfirming some information for Jack, Will joins them on the couch. He sits by Hannibal, tracing his fingers along his arm gently.

Hannibal tilts his head, welcoming the show of affection. They would all need to reacquaint themselves with one another's displays of attention and how they showed their care. While he relied more on words and doing things for his mate to show his love, Will was far more tactile with words being secondary. Duncan seemed to be most comfortable with touch and spending quality time together.

Hours and multiple conversations later, all of them feeling much more relaxed, Hannibal walked them out.

"Dinner? Tomorrow night?"

"It's a date." Will kisses him sweetly, caressing his jaw before heading to the car.

"Thanks for making the time baby brother." Duncan returns his embrace firmly, nuzzling his ear briefly. He grins when Hannibal hangs on to his collar and pulls him forward to meet his lips. The older Alpha closes his eyes and returns the kiss sedately, only pulling back when he's released and Hannibal glances up at him vulnerably. "I missed you too sweetheart."

"See you tomorrow?"

"Looking forward to it." Duncan strokes his cheek, moving to the car where their content, smiling Omega was waiting for him.

"I think that went well." Will tells him as he gets in, still watching Hannibal who was leaning against the front door.

"You wanted me to remind you to tell Hannibal something."

"Oh! Right, thanks handsome." Will gives him a quick kiss before returning to Hannibal.

"Is everything alright?" Hannibal asks, confusion on his features.

"You give me a lot more than I thought I deserved. I want you to know that. You both do." Will strokes his hands up the Alpha's chest, watching his sanguine brown eyes search his own. "I'm sorry it took so long to realize it."

"Thank you for telling me now." Hannibal leans down to kiss him gently, hands caressing the Omega's shoulders. Their lips slide together, Hannibal grasping Will's forearms as he deepened the kiss.

Will's heart skipped a beat. He clutches at Hannibal's shirt with a whine.

There it was. The passion he'd been missing from his mate for he didn't know how long. The answering growl he receives makes him grin, knowing Hannibal had been missing it too.

Driving away holding Duncan's hand Will feels better than he has in months. He's sure they all do.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading <3

Focusing on another project currently, but they will be back ;)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!